



# The Ones who Crave the Dreamland...



dreamland

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## Chapter 1 by Tailors <3

Tanay Mandel lay sound asleep in his room. He was surrounded by his study notes on Literacy, Numeracy, Science and Languages. He was a nerd. He was also supposed to be studying. Not dreaming...

*Tanay sat under a tree. He was in the woods. Peaceful. He closed his eyes. The pressures of being boring old Tanay were gone. He no longer had to worry about being top of the class. He no longer had to worry about being teased for being a nerd. He could just relax. be himself. In his dreamland. Then there were footsteps...*

Mason Josef Sat tiredly in class. It was French. One of his weaker subjects. He would much rather be doing sport being the Jock he was. He closed his eyes and hoped that Madame Pierre would not catch him sleeping in class again. He fell asleep to the sound of the French alphabet being repeated over and over...

*Mason smiled and looked towards the ground. He was on a ferris wheel. He zipped up his hoodie as the ferris wheel lifted his carriage higher and higher. It spun around 3 times more*

*before coming to a stop. He stepped off the ferris wheel and wandered through the carnival grounds. He stopped at a coffee stand. He was in his dreamland. Then there were the footsteps...*

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*Jarred Tizaki sat in his art class. He smiled as he held his paintbrush up to the canvas and let his hand glide across it, leaving a trail of perfect colour. The bell rang and he put away his artwork.*

He stepped out into the halls meekly. Then he saw them. The bullies. They slammed him against the lockers and took away his money for lunch and squirted deep purple paint into his hair. They shoved him inside a locker and locked the door. He cried and begged for them to let him out but they were already gone. He felt himself slip away from reality slowly despite his attempts to stay awake...

*Jarred walked through the endless halls. Beautiful paintings lined the walls. They were masterpieces. Beautiful. He had all day to look at these works of art. He smiled and traced the outline of a particularly beautiful piece. He closed his eyes and imagined he was there. The green rolling hills. Soft blue sky. White fluffy clouds. The windmills. He opened his eyes and he was there. His beautiful dreamland. Then there were the footsteps...*

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